

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

10¢

IN THIS ISSUE:
**THE
STRANGE
REFUGE!**



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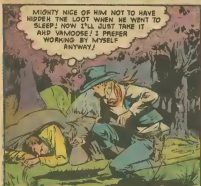
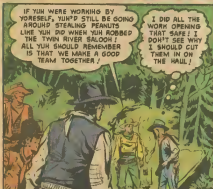
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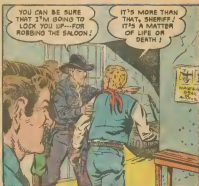
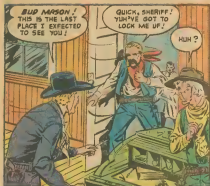
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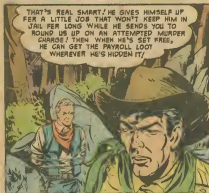
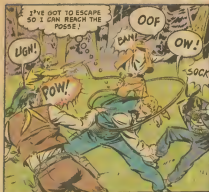
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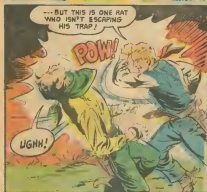
















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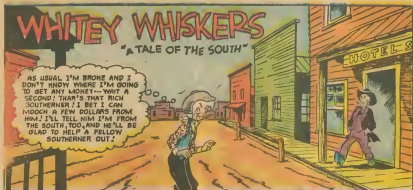
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WHITEY WHISKERS

"A TALE OF THE SOUTH"

AS USUAL I'M BROKE AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING TO GET ANY MONEY--WAIT A SECOND! THAT'S THAT RICH SOUTHERNER! I BET I CAN MOOCH A FEW DOLLARS FROM HIM! I'LL TELL HIM I'M FROM THE SOUTH, TOO, AND HE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP A FELLOW SOUTHERNER OUT!



GOOD MORNING, COLONEL! I'M SHORE POWERFUL GLAD TO SEE YUH!

REALLY, WHITEY WHISKERS? WHY?



I DON'T OFTEN GET A CHANCE TO TALK TO A FELLOW SOUTHERNER!

YOU, A FELLOW SOUTHERNER? YOU MEAN YOU WERE BORN DOWN SOUTH?



THAT'S RIGHT! MANY'S THE TIME I USED TO PICK COTTON DOWN THAR!

IS THAT SO?

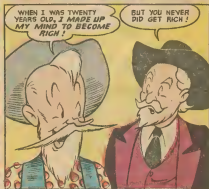
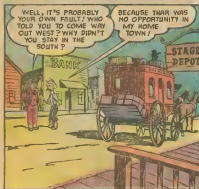
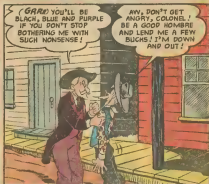
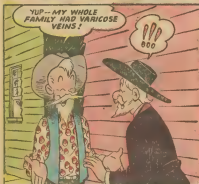


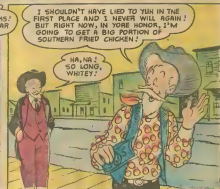
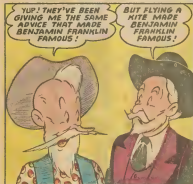
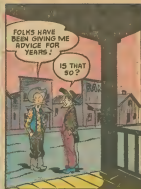
YUP!...POCKETS ARE MADE OUT OF COTTON, AREN'T THEY?

(GASP)





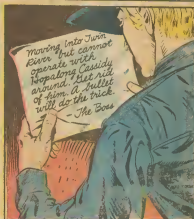
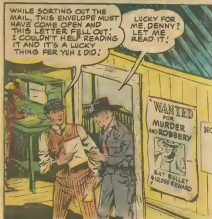


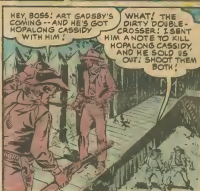
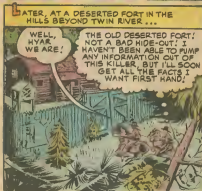
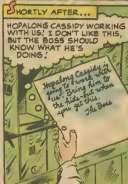


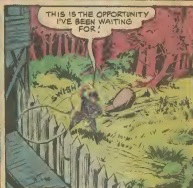
HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

in THE DESERTED FORTRESS







HOPALONG CASSIDY

FOUND AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH...

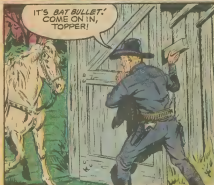
THEY USED THAT DUMMY AND THE RIFLE TO KEEP ME FROM MAKING A MOVE WHILE THEY ESCAPED THROUGH THE BACK! AND I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND A CLUE TOWARD THE IDENTITY OF THE BOSS! WAIT--THAT PAPER ON THE FLOOR!



WHY, THIS IS A RECORD OF HOW THE LOOT FROM EACH ROBBERY WAS DIVIDED UP! AND WITH THE NAMES OF THE HOLDUPS AND THE NAMES OF THE BANDITS, I CAN EASILY FIGURE OUT WHO THE BOSS IS!



IT'S BAT BULLET! COME ON IN, TOPPER!



BAT MUST THINK HE'S A VERY SHREWD FELLOW, BUT HIS DUMMY TRICK GIVES ME AN IDEA!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THERE GOES HOPALONG! AS SOON AS HE'S OUT OF SIGHT, WE CAN GO BACK INSIDE THE FORT!

BACK IN THE FORT, BAT?



THAT'S RIGHT! HOPALONG WOULD NEVER THINK WE'D HAVE THE NERVE TO RIDE OUT HYAR AGAIN! NOW BARRICADE THE DOORS!

OKAY, BAT!



HIDING OUT THERE IN THE NIGHT AIR HAS MADE ME HUNGRY! I'M GOING TO RUSTLE UP SOME GRUB!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! MAKE IT FER ALL OF US, HEX!





SIT DOWN! I'LL HAVE SOME JAVA READY IN A FEW MINUTES!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THEY'VE FINALLY ALL SAT DOWN TO EAT; THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



HOPALONG CASSIDY! BUT I SAW YUH RIDE OFF!!

THAT WAS JUST YOUR DUMMY RIDING OFF, BAT. YOU FELL FOR YOUR OWN RUSE! I FIGURED YOU'D COME BACK HERE IF YOU THOUGHT I HAD LEFT!



YUH OUTGUESSED ME, HOPALONG, BUT YUH HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!

NOT YET, BUT NO ONE'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM COMPLETING THE JOB!



SAYS YUH, SHERIFF: I SEE A FEW WHO WILL STOP YUH!

OH, OH! I CAN'T TAKE THEM ALL ON AT ONE TIME, SO---



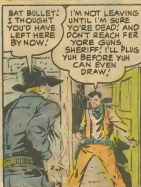
RUNNING WON'T DO YUH ANY GOOD, HOPALONG! THERE'S NO PLACE TO RUN!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



WHILE SEARCHING FOR THEM BEFORE, I HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY THIS PLACE!

HE HEADED INTO THE GUARDHOUSE! THERE'S NO WAY OUT! NOW WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED!



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NIGHT FOOTSTEPS

By R. R. Symes



IT WAS pretty late at night when Bobby Wilmer saw the sheriff ride into town, astride his big gray stallion. The moon, not quite full, cast an abundance of silvery light. So Bobby easily recognized the lanky figure of the sheriff and also saw the silvery glint of the lawman's Colt.

There was another man with the sheriff; a man astride a paint, riding slowly, just a little bit ahead of the sheriff. This man was apparently unarmed and he kept his wrists close together as he rode. A glint of sparkling moonlight showed why; the man was wearing handcuffs.

Ordinarily Bobby, who was only fourteen, would have been sound asleep by this time. But tonight, he could not sleep. He sat up in bed, propped against the pillows, looking out at the night-silenced buildings of Buffalo Falls, watching the strange patterns of black and white the moonlight made as it struck the buildings and trees outside his window.

"The sheriff has caught somebody! Maybe it's the murderer!" It was the natural thought that flashed through Bobby's mind. The murder had been the principal topic of discussion in Buffalo Falls all the day, and even Bobby, confined as he was to his room on the second floor, had heard all about it.

Judge Hardesty had received a message saying he was urgently needed out at the Broken J ranch. He had immediately ridden out of Buffalo Falls. Halfway to the Broken J, when he passed through a stand of scrubby pines he had been ambushed and shot from his saddle. He was left for dead, but such was the great stamina and courage of the old judge that he managed to crawl back on his horse and ride on to the Broken J. There he collapsed and died; died as he was saying, "Ambush . . . two men . . . the one who shot me was . . ."

His lips tried to form the name of the killer, but there was no more life left in him. He had succumbed without naming either of his assailants.

Bobby Wilmer wept when he heard that

Judge Hardesty was dead. He had tried to fight back the tears. He had been told that big boys who wanted to be big men were never supposed to weep; but he sobbed and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He had lost a good friend, perhaps his best friend.

And so it was, he couldn't sleep this night as he watched, wide-awake, when the sheriff dismounted and ushered the other man into the office in front of the Buffalo Falls jail.

The sheriff lighted an oil lamp, then turned to face the handcuffed prisoner. "We've got you dead to rights, Rattles!" he declared. "You were at the scene of the crime. A thorn bush tore off a piece of your shirt. Hoofprints in the mud match that cayuse of yours. You'll hang for killing Judge Hardesty!"

A look of terror came into the eyes of the man called Rattles. His tanned skin turned a shade paler. His voice was almost a sob as he cried, "Sheriff, you can't hang me! I didn't kill him! I swear it!"

"Then who did?"

"Don't make me tell!" pleaded the prisoner. "It would be like signing my death warrant!"

"Rattles, I can't make you do anything—except ~~hang~~ down in that cell. The fact is, somebody murdered the judge. It was a meaner murder than most, even out in this wild country where killings are all too common. It was a fake message that lured the old judge out toward the Broken J ranch. The varmint who sent that message knew the judge would never fail to answer a call for help. It was a low-down, skunky trick. Either you did it or you know who did it!"

"I didn't kill him!"

"Maybe so, maybe no. Leastwise, you were on the scene. 'Twon't take a jury long to convict you and sentence you to be hanged by the neck until dead. If you're not really the murderer, that'll be some joke on you. Of course, if you want to tell who really did the shooting, there might be some leniency . . ."

"I'll tell! I'll tell!" shouted Rattles. "The man who shot Judge Hardesty was . . ."

A roaring gun blast broke the night's silence. A windowpane crashed in the sheriff's office. Rattles gasped and fell forward. He had spoken the last words he would ever utter on this earth.

Next morning, before the sun was very high, the sheriff had talked to nearly every able-bodied man in Buffalo Falls and surrounding territory. Perhaps nobody knew anything; perhaps everyone was afraid to talk. In any case, he got responses like: "Judge Hardesty had lots of enemies . . . Every outlaw wanted him done in . . . He was mighty tough on lawbreakers . . . Must be two-three dozen men in these parts who wanted him dead . . . I can't tell you anything, Sheriff. Fact is, if I knew anything, I'd be plumb scared to talk after what happened to Rattles!"

The sheriff stepped out of his office and met Trigger Buckridge on the veranda. "Any clues, Sheriff?" asked the gambler.

"No luck!" responded the lawman. "My best bet was Rattles, and the murderer shut him up before he could spill any information."

"Maybe somebody saw who killed Rattles," suggested Trigger.

"Maybe," agreed the sheriff. "But they'd be too scared to say so. Most folks don't hanker to get a bullet in the back, and I can't say I blame them."

"Reckon you're right," agreed the gambler. "Reckon there's nobody brave enough to come right out and name the killer. Well, Sheriff, if I can help you in any way . . ."

They were walking side by side, slowly. From an upper window across the street, a boyish voice called, "Sheriff! Sheriff!"

"Huh, it's that crippled kid!" said Trigger. "He ought to know better than to bother you when you're trying to solve a couple of murders. Tell him to quiet down!"

The lawman ignored his impatient companion. He responded to the boy's call with, "Hi, Bobby. What can I do for you?"

Bobby's face, framed in the window, seemed mighty white. His lip quivered. He said, "Sheriff, I know who shot Rattles. I saw him. I recognized him."

"How could he?" thought Trigger. "It was night. I kept well in the shadows."

"Are you certain, Bobby?" asked the sheriff. "It was pretty dark last night."

"I know, but I could tell by his walk. I can recognize everybody's walk, Sheriff. I study walking all the time. The man who killed Rattles was . . ."

His eyes on the boy, the lawman failed to see Trigger's hand snaking for his holster. But a change in the boy's expression made the sheriff whirl to the man at his side, just in time to crash down Trigger's gun arm with a solid blow. The gambler lashed out at the sheriff with his free hand and sent him staggering. But before he could bring his other gun into play, the sheriff crashed into him with a flying tackle and both men sprawled in the yellow dust of Main street. The sheriff was taking no chances. He brought his fist down hard on the gambler's jaw, then fastened the handcuffs to the unconscious man.

The sheriff sat on the edge of Bobby's bed. "He's in jail, Bobby," said the lawman. "Thanks to you, we got him. He confessed killing the Judge and Rattles. The Judge had a tip that Trigger was wanted in Texas for murder, and Trigger wanted to put the Judge out of the way before he found out for sure. You were mighty brave to speak out and tell what you saw, Bobby. You're a real man!"

Tears ran down Bobby's cheeks. "N-no, I'm not a man," he sobbed. "I cry everytime I think of the Judge. He was always so good to me. He was even going to arrange for an operation on my legs so maybe I could walk like other kids."

"He did arrange it, Bobby," said the lawman. "You're going to get a thousand dollars for that very purpose."

SUCH a big, happy smile broke out on Bobby's face that it had a strange effect on the sheriff; though he smiled, too, big tears were running down his cheeks. And he didn't mention to Bobby that the thousand dollars was a reward the Texas authorities were offering for the capture of Trigger Buckridge.

THE END

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD
in
**TIGHT
SQUEEZE**
(A MESQUITE STORY)



WIDOW JONES WASTES NO TIME IN GETTING SOMEONE ELSE TO TAKE THE PART!

NOW, FRED SARSON, I KNOW YOU'RE NOT THE KIND OF GENTLEMAN WHO WOULD REFUSE A LADY, ARE YUH? YOU'LL ACT IN MY PLAY, WON'T YUH? ER, ER, SHORE, WIDDER.

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YUH; REHEARSALS START THIS AFTERNOON AT TWO O'CLOCK IN TOWN HALL; SEE YUH THEN: (SIGH) YEP!

JUMPING BUTTERBALLS, WHAT HAVE I LET MYSELF IN FOR! (SIGH) WAL, I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, I REKON--- UNLESS I THINK OF SOME WAY OUT!



LATER, AT THE REHEARSAL---

ER, HOWDY, WIDDER! DID YUH GET SOMEONE ELSE TO PLAY THAT PART YUH WANTED ME TO DO?

YES! FRED SARSON IS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO DO THE ROLE, AND I'D PREFER NOT TALKING TO YUH!



BUT FRED SARSON ISN'T REALLY VERY HAPPY ABOUT IT.

DABBURN IT, I'M NOT AN ACTOR AND I DON'T INTEND TO BE ONE! I'M GOING TO VAMOOSE WHILE NO ONE'S LOOKING! I'LL RUN TO THE WOODS AND HIDE UNTIL THIS SILLY THING IS OVER!



SHORTLY AFTER---

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, LET'S START THE REHEARSAL--- HUH? WHERE'S FRED?



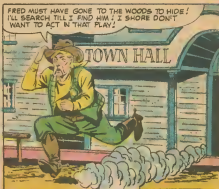
HE'S NOT HYAR!

HE'S GONE!

HE MUST HAVE RUN AWAY!

CULP!!!





HE'S COMING AFTER ME NOW! WAIT, HE CAN'T SEE OR SMELL ME IN THIS HEAVY BRUSH! MAYBE I CAN SNEAK AWAY!



MESQUITE SUCCEEDS IN GETTING AWAY!

PHEW! I SHORE WAS LUCKY TO GET AWAY FROM THAT BEAR! MAYBE IT WOULD BE EASIER AND SAFER TO ACT IN THAT PLAY THAN TO GO BACK IN THE WOODS AND LOOK FOR FRED AGAIN!



NO, NOTHING COULD BE WORSE THAN BEING IN THAT SHOW! I KNOW WHAT I'LL GO! I'LL GO GET A BEAR COSTUME AND SEARCH FOR FRED! THAT WAY THE OTHER BEARS WILL THINK I'M ONE OF THEM AND WON'T BOTHER ME!



MESQUITE GETS INTO A BEAR COSTUME AND GOES BACK TO THE WOODS!

I SHORE FEEL SAFER THIS WAY! NOW I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY 'BOUT BEARS COMING AFTER ME!



NOW TO FIND FRED---HUH? WHAT'S THAT BEHIND ME?



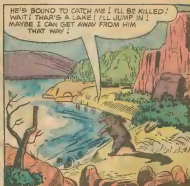
GULP! IT'S A BEAR'S SHADOW! THARS A BEAR FOLLOWING ME!



MESQUITE HAS FORGOTTEN HE IS DRESSED AS A BEAR! IT'S HIS OWN SHADOW HE'S LOOKING AT!

I'D BETTER RUN! (GULP) HE'S CHASING ME!





HOPALONG CASSIDY

Y-I-I-I ! SHE'S GIVING ME A BEAR HUG TO SHOW HER AFFECTION, BUT SHE'S CRUSHING THE LIFE OUT OF ME !



(GASP) I'VE GOT TO BREAK LOOSE OR I'M A GONER ! (GRUNT) I DID IT ! WHEW !



I'D BE JUST AS WELL OFF WITH A BEAR THAT HATES ME ! I'D BETTER RUN AWAY BEFORE SHE KILLS ME WITH KINDNESS ! OH, OH, SHE DOESN'T WANT ME TO GO ! SHE'S COMING AFTER ME !



I'M NOT GETTING IN HER GRIP AGAIN ! I'M GOING TO CLIMB THIS TREE !



WAL, I'LL BE SAFE HYAR ANYWAY !



WHAT ! THAT'S A BEAR HYAR IN THE TREE WITH ME !



I HAVE ONLY ONE CHANCE---AND THAT'S TO SHOOT HIM !







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5 Official membership certificate

6 Autographed photo of Hoppy

7 Hoppy Mail Piece

8 Saving Rodeo Record Book

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